

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

The Edinburgh Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary; containing a Description of the various Countries, Kingdoms, States, Cities, Towns, Mountains, &c., in the World; an Account of the Government, Customs, and Religion of the Inhabitants; the Boundaries and Natural Productions of the Country, &c. In six volumes, 8vo. Edinburgh, 1822.

WHEN, some five years ago, the first part of the *Edinburgh Gazetteer* was announced, we considered it a work much wanted; and, therefore, have watched its progress up to its completion, a week or two ago. That it is the most complete work of the kind extant in England will scarcely be denied, but that it either possesses the perfection boasted in the preface or has been produced with the care that it is there asserted to have been used, we feel some difficulty in believing. The editor, or Mr. Constable, or his preface-monger, wishes to induce the belief that not only every country but every town has been described by the individual best qualified for the task. The territorial partitions of the continent, we are told, have been entrusted to a gentleman long resident there, who had access to the best authorities and opportunities of local information not to be obtained in this country; that India was confided to another gentleman, who had resided in that country, and who was 'familiar with the vast and complicated scheme of policy under which its various provinces are arranged;' and that, respecting our own country, 'the accounts of all the towns have been regularly transmitted to persons residing in them for correction.'

Now all this is mere fudge; and, so far from its being necessary to employ a number of persons resident in different countries, or sending circulars to the respective towns, we venture to assert that there is not a single line in these six volumes which any person, of tolerable industry, might not have produced in the five years they have been

in hand, without ever quitting 'Auld Reekie' for an hour.

Then as to the correctness, we will only appeal to the blunders in the work, which the publishers have been obliged to correct by cancelling the sheets and substituting others; many of these errors were relating to England, and of the most glaring nature; for instance, Darlington was made a borough, and described as sending two members to Parliament, when any school-boy would have told the editor otherwise. We could mention several other blunders equally egregious, but we are disposed to speak leniently of the work, and should not, indeed, have alluded to its incorrectness, had it not been for the impudent puffing of the preface.

In order, however, to give the work fair play with our readers, we quote a couple of extracts from the last part. The first relates to the extraordinary volcano of Jurullo in Mexico:—

'The most elevated summit of the intendancy of Valladolid is the Pic de Tancitaro, to the east of Tusan. To the east of this peak is the extraordinary volcano of Jurullo, which was formed in the night of the 29th September, 1759. The great catastrophe by which this mountain rose from the earth, and by which a considerable extent of ground totally changed its appearance, is perhaps one of the most extraordinary physical revolutions on record. A vast plain extends from the hills of Eguasarco to near the villages of Telpa and Petatlan, both equally celebrated for their fine plantations of cotton. This plain is only from two thousand one hundred and sixty to two thousand six hundred and twenty-four feet above the level of the sea. In the middle of this space basaltic cones appear, the summits of which are crowned with ever-green oaks of a laurel and olive foliage, intermingled with palm trees. This beautiful vegetation forms a singular contrast with the aridity of the plain which was laid waste by volcanic fire. Till the middle of the 18th century, fields cultivated with sugar-cane and indigo, occupied the extent of ground between the two brooks Cuitamba and San Pedro. These fields, watered by artificial means, belonged to one of the greatest and richest plantations in the country. In the month of June, 1759, a subterraneous noise

was heard. Hollow noises of a most alarming nature were accompanied by frequent earthquakes, which succeeded one another for from fifty to sixty days, to the great consternation of the neighbouring inhabitants. From the beginning of September every thing seemed to announce the complete re-establishment of tranquillity, when, in the night between the 28th and 29th, the horrible subterraneous noise re-commenced. The affrighted Indians fled to the mountains for safety. A track of ground, from three to four square miles in extent, which goes by the name of Malpays, rose up in the shape of a bladder. The bounds of this convulsion are still distinguishable in the fractured strata. The ground thrown up is, near its edges, thirty-nine feet in height above the old level of the plain; but it rises progressively towards the centre, to an elevation of five hundred feet. Those who witnessed this great catastrophe from the top of the mountain of Aguasarco, assert, that flames were seen to issue forth for an extent of more than half a square league; that fragments of burning rocks were thrown up to prodigious heights; and that, through a thick cloud of ashes, illumined by volcanic fire, the softened surface of the earth was seen to swell up like an agitated sea. The rivers of Cuitamba and San Pedro rushed into the burning chasms, and contributed to exasperate the flames, which were distinguishable at the city of Pascuaro, though situated on a very extensive table land, four thousand five hundred feet above the plains of Jurullo. Eruptions of mud, and especially of strata of clay, enveloping balls of decomposed basalt, in concentric layers, appear to indicate that subterraneous water had no small share in producing this extraordinary revolution. Thousands of small cones, from six to nine feet in height, called by the natives ovens, issued from the ground while it was under the influence of this confusion; and, although the heat of these volcanic ovens has suffered a great diminution, Humboldt mentions that he has seen the thermometer rise to two hundred and two degrees of Fahrenheit, on being plunged into fissures, which exhale an aqueous vapour. From each small cone the vapour arises to the height of forty or fifty feet. In many of them a subterraneous noise is heard, resembling that occasioned by the boiling of a fluid. In the midst of the ovens six large masses, elevated from one thousand three hundred to one thousand six hundred feet above the

old level of the plains, sprung up from the chasm. The most elevated of these masses is the great volcano of Jurullo. It is continually burning, and has thrown up an immense quantity of lavas. These great eruptions of the central volcano continued till the month of February, 1760. In the following years they became less frequent; and the Indians having been gradually accustomed to the terrific noises of the new volcano, had advanced towards mountains to admire the streams of fire discharged from an infinity of great and small volcanic apertures. At the first explosion of this volcano, the roofs of the houses of Queretaro were covered with ashes, though distant more than forty-eight leagues. The subterraneous fire appears now far from violent; and the desolated ground, as well as the great volcano, begin to be covered with vegetables. The air, however, is still heated to such a degree by the ovens, as to raise the thermometer to one hundred and nine degrees of Fahrenheit.

The next extract is a well-written and, we believe, accurate description of Windsor Castle. It is in such details that this work is of most value:—

Windsor contains many handsome buildings; but its chief ornament is its castle, which owes its origin to William the Conqueror, who erected a fortified mansion or palace on this spot, as a hunting seat. He also designed the parks, extending the boundaries of the forest, and established rigid laws for the preservation of the game. Henry I. considerably improved the edifice which his father had erected, enlarged it with additional buildings, and, for greater security, surrounded the whole with a strong wall. The alterations made by this prince were so important and numerous, that many writers have given him the honour of founding the castle. Henry II. held a council or parliament here in the year 1170; and when Richard *Cœur de Lion* departed, on his romantic expedition to the Holy Land, the Bishop of Ely (to whom, in conjunction with the Bishop of Durham, the monarch had entrusted the government of his kingdom) made it his place of residence. King John also resided here during his contest with the barons, who, in the year 1216, besieged it without success. In the next reign it was delivered to them by treaty; but, in the ensuing year, was surprised, and made the rendezvous of the king's forces. Edward III. was also born at Windsor; and to his affection for his birth-place the castle is indebted for its present magnitude and grandeur. The improvements made by this prince extended to nearly the whole of the ancient fabric, which, with the exception of the three towers at the west end of the lower ward, was entirely taken down, and the chief part of the structure, as it now stands, erected on its site. In the year 1357, the celebrated William de Wykeham was appointed to superintend

the works, with the salary of a shilling daily, and three shillings per week for his clerk. The conduct of the supervisor obtained the approbation of the monarch, who, in 1360, gave him complete authority over every thing connected with the castle, as well as the unlimited jurisdiction of the manors of Old and New Windsor. Windsor Castle is most delightfully situated on the summit of a hill, whose base towards the north is laved by the pellucid waters of the Thames. The prospects to the east, west, and north, are extensive and beautiful, being enlivened by the windings of the river, and variegated with elegant mansions, luxuriant meadows, and gentle eminences, covered with the rich foliage of innumerable woods. On the south, the view is bounded by the wild and picturesque scenery of the forest. On the declivity of the hill on which the castle is built, is a terrace, faced with a rampart of free-stone, being one thousand eight hundred and seventy feet long. Adjoining this walk is a gate leading into the parks, which are four miles in circumference, and surrounded by a brick wall. The castle is divided into two courts or wards, with a large round tower or keep between them, the whole occupying about twelve acres of land, and having many batteries and towers for its defence. The upper court is a spacious quadrangle, composed of the round tower on the west, the private apartments of their majesties, &c. on the south and east, and the royal apartments, usually shown to strangers, St. George's Hall, and the chapel-royal, on the north. Beneath the statue is a curious hydraulic engine, to draw water for the castle. The keep or tower is the lodging of the constable or governor, built in the form of an amphitheatre, ascended to by a flight of stone steps. Here is the guard-room or magazine for arms, curiously arranged. Over the chimney is carved in lime-wood, the star and garter, encompassed with daggers and pistols; these consist of whole, half, and quarter pikes, with bandoleers of various figures, and some of the first match-locks that ever were constructed. The pillars of the door which leads to the dining-room, are composed of pikes, on the tops of which are two coats of mail, said to have been worn by John, King of France, and David, King of Scotland, when prisoners in the castle. They are inlaid with gold: that belonging to the former prince is ornamented with *fleurs des lis*; that worn by the latter with thistles. The lower court is larger than the upper, and is divided into two parts by St. George's Chapel, which stands in the middle, and is reckoned one of the finest Gothic structures of the kind known. On the north side of this court are the houses and apartments of the dean and canons, and other officers; and on the west side are the houses of the poor knights of Windsor. These poor knights, eighteen in number, have a premium of 18l. per annum, and annually a gown of scarlet cloth, with a mantle of blue or purple

cloth, on the sleeve of which is embroidered the cross of St. George. The royal apartments are on the north side of the court, called the Star Building, from having the star and garter in gold on the outside. The entrance is from the upper ward, through a handsome vestibule, which has undergone a total alteration, from designs by Mr. J. Wyatt. Almost every room in this division of the castle is ornamented with paintings. Many of these, however, are not original; and others are of inferior merit. The first room is called the Queen's Guard Chamber, the ceiling ornamented with the figure of Britannia, in the person of Queen Catherine of Portugal, consort of Charles II. seated on a globe, bearing the arms of England and Portugal; with many beautiful accompanying paintings: here is curiously disposed, a variety of warlike instruments. The Queen's Presence Chamber contains portraits of James I. by Vandyck, and Edward III. and his son the Black Prince, by Belcamp. The ceiling also represents Queen Catherine, attended by the Virtues, supported by Fame, sounding the happiness of Britain, &c. On the ceiling is also the queen's person, as Britannia in a car, drawn by swans. The tapestry of this room is of a rich gold ground, made at Coblentz, and presented to Henry VIII. The canopy is of velvet: here are also beautiful paintings by the most celebrated masters. On the ceiling of the ball-room, Charles II. is represented giving freedom to Europe; and the tapestry represents the twelve months of the year. In this room is a large silver table. The queen's drawing-room is beautifully decorated with paintings and hung with tapestry, representing the seasons of the year. In the queen's bed-chamber, the ceiling represents the story of Endymion and Diana, from Ovid. The state bed was set up by order of Queen Charlotte; the inside is of white satin, and the curtains a pale green, beautifully embroidered: it is said to have cost 14,000l. The room of beauties is so named, from being a collection of portraits of the most celebrated beauties in the reign of Charles II.; fourteen in number. The queen's dressing-room is neatly fitted up, and hung with a tapestry of British manufacture. Belonging to this room is a closet, in which is deposited the banner of France. This is annually presented on the 2nd of August, by the heir of the great Duke of Marlborough. By the observance of this tenure, the possession of the magnificent Palace of Blenheim, which was built at the expense of the nation, and given to the duke as a reward for his services, is continued in that family. In this apartment also are some beautiful cabinet pictures, particularly two heads, finely penciled, by Denner; a pair of landscapes, Teniers; an old woman watering flowers, Gerard Douw; and the inside of a cottage, with a girl playing on a spinnet, Mieris: the pictures of this artist are always finished with extraordinary care and minuteness of pen-

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ceiling. The tea equipage that belonged to Queen Anne is likewise preserved in this closet. The king's audience chamber is fitted up and furnished in the most elegant manner. The throne and its appendages are constructed with much taste; but the most valuable decorations of this apartment are the seven historical paintings, illustrative of the principal events which distinguished the reign of Edward III. These interesting pictures were executed by command of his late majesty. The whole of these paintings are by Mr. West, who executed them in the years 1787, 1788, and 1789. The king's presence chamber is ornamented with several portraits. In the king's guard chamber is a great variety of warlike instruments, fancifully disposed in columns, pillars, circles, shields, and other devices. Among the coats of mail is one that was worn by Edward the Black Prince. In this room are also eight views of battles, sieges, &c. by Rugendas; and a portrait of Charles XI. King of Sweden, by Van Wyck. The monarch is portrayed on a prancing steed. In the back ground is a representation of a battle, rendered admirable by its grouping, colouring, and spirited drawing. In this apartment is the flag annually sent on the 18th of June, by the Duke of Wellington, in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo. On the ceiling of the room formerly the king's bed-chamber, is a painting of Charles II. in the robes of the garter, under a canopy, supported by Time, Jupiter, and Neptune: the state bed, now removed to the room late the public dining-room, is of rich flowered velvet, manufactured in Spitalfields, by order of Queen Anne. The king's drawing-room represents Charles II. in a triumphal car, drawn by the horses of the sun, attended by Fame, Peace, &c.; in other parts of the ceiling are the labours of Hercules. Here is also a magnificent glass of English manufacture, being eleven feet by six. On the ceiling of the apartment formerly the king's public dining-room, but now converted into a bed-chamber, is the banquet of the gods. The carving of this room is most beautiful, representing fish, fowl, fruit, &c. done in lime-wood. St. George's Hall is set apart entirely to the honour of the most illustrious order of the garter. The centre of the ceiling is a large oval, wherein is represented Charles II. in the full uniform of the order, attended by the Three Kingdoms, Religion, Peace, and various other figures; with the devices and motto of the order. At the back of the sovereign's throne is a painting of St. George encountering the dragon, and on the lower border is inscribed "*Veniendo restituit rem,*" alluding to King William, who is painted under a royal canopy, in the habit of the order, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. This painting is now nearly obliterated by various alterations. The ascent to the throne is by five steps of marble. On the north side of the chamber is a painting of the triumph of Edward the Black Prince; and at the upper part of

the hall is a representation of Edward III. on his throne, receiving the kings of France and Scotland captives. This, with several others of the pictures in this hall, is by Verrio, an artist employed by Charles II.; and they are generally thought to be over-done, and extravagant in their style. The length of this superb chamber is 108 feet. The chapel of St. George was erected by Edward III., on the site of a smaller structure, built by Henry the First and dedicated to Edward the Confessor. The origin of its magnificence, however, may be attributed to Edward IV. by whom it was very considerably enlarged, and rendered one of the most beautiful structures of that era. In the reigns of Henry VII. and his successor, it underwent several alterations; but it is indebted for the improved and highly elegant state in which it now appears, to the taste and munificence of George III. who expended nearly 20,000*l.* in its repairs and embellishments. At this period it may be considered as the most complete and elegant specimen of what Mr. Warton termed the florid Gothic, in the kingdom. The inside of the chapel is singularly neat. The roof is an ellipsis, composed of stone, and admirably executed. The pillars are of the ancient Gothic kind; the ribs and groins that support the ceiling are disposed with considerable judgment. The interior space is formed into a choir, a nave, and correspondent aisles. The whole ceiling is decorated with heraldic insignia, intermingled with the arms of many sovereigns and knights of the garter, beautifully emblazoned. The nave is separated from the choir by the organ gallery. The roof and columns that support the loft, form a light and elegant colonnade, perfectly in unison with the rest of the chapel, and embellished with appropriate devices. The screen was made from the designs of Mr. Emlyn, and is composed of Coade's artificial stone: the expense of its erection is said to have amounted to 1500*l.* The organ was built by Mr. Green, and the organ case by Mr. Emlyn: the latter is richly ornamented. The choir may be regarded as a pattern of the most admirable workmanship. It was built by Edward III. but greatly improved during the reigns of Edward IV. and Henry VII. The vaulting of the roof was not completed till the latter end of the year 1508. This division of the structure is appropriated to the more immediate worship of the Deity, to the installation of the knights of the garter, and to the preservation of their names and honours. The stalls of the sovereign and companions of the order are ranged each side the choir. Formerly their number was twenty-six, but is now increased to forty, including the sovereign, the royal dukes, and foreign princes. The ancient stall of the sovereign was removed in the year 1788, and a new one, highly decorated with tracery, erected under the direction of Mr. Emlyn. In the centre are the arms of the king, encircled with laurel, and crowned with the

royal diadem; the whole is surrounded with *fleur des lis*, the letters G. R. and the star of the order. The curtains and cushions are of blue velvet, fringed with gold. The stalls of the knights display a profusion of rich carved work. On the pedestals is a series of delineations, representing the history of the Redeemer, from his nativity to his ascension; and on the front of the stalls, at the west end of the choir, the actions of St. George are portrayed; the mantle, helmet, crest, and sword of each knight, are placed on the canopies of their respective stalls. Over the canopies, the banner or arms of the knights are displayed, elegantly emblazoned on silk; and at the back of each stall are the titles of the personage to whom it belongs, with his arms neatly engraved, and blazoned on copper. The sovereign's banner is of rich velvet, and much larger than those of the knights: the mantling is of rich brocade. The carved work of the choir abounds with variety of imagery, and several pictures of saints, patriarchs, and kings: these, previous to the late repairs, were much mutilated, but have since been restored to nearly their original state. The altar is embellished with a painting of the Last Supper, by West, which is a very masterly composition, and executed with great taste and judgment. The beautifully carved wainscot, surrounding the altar, was designed by Mr. Thomas Sandby, and executed under the inspection of Mr. Emlyn. It contains the arms of Edward III., Edward the Black Prince, and those of the original knights of the garter, with various symbols of the order, displayed within two circular compartments. The ornaments consist of pelicans, grapes, wheat, sacramental vessels, and other devices, judiciously disposed, and executed with considerable taste. The altar was formerly adorned with rich hangings of crimson velvet and gold, but was disrobed of its splendid furniture in the year 1642, by Captain Fogg, under pretence of parliamentary authority. At the same time, also, it was plundered of the numerous gold vessels which the munificence or piety of successive sovereigns and knights of the garter had here consecrated to religious uses. The plate thus seized is said to have weighed 3580 ounces, and to have been wrought in a very exquisite manner. On the restoration of Charles II. a subscription was opened, and every requisite for the re-establishment and service of the altar, supplied from the liberal contributions of the sovereign and knights of the garter, and other benevolent persons. Several windows of this superb fabric are beautifully painted, and, for general composition, brilliancy of colour, and correct execution, rival most embellishments of a similar nature in the kingdom. The subject of this painting, which is of superior excellence, is the Resurrection. The east window of the south aisle is painted with a very animated representation of the angels appearing to the shepherds; and the west window of the north aisle is decorated

with a representation of the adoration of the Magi. This chapel has been the burial-place of several royal and illustrious personages. At the east end of the north aisle the remains of Edward IV. are deposited. Over his tomb is a beautiful monument of steel, representing a pair of gates between two towers, curiously worked. On the 13th of March, in the year 1789, the workmen employed in repairing the chapel, perceived a small aperture in the side of the vault where Edward was interred. This was soon rendered sufficiently large to admit an easy entrance; and on the interior part being laid open, in presence of the surveyor and two of the canons, the skeleton of the monarch was found inclosed in a leaden and a wooden coffin; the latter measuring six feet three inches in length. Henry VI. was also buried in this chapel, near the choir door in the opposite aisle. Here lie interred under the choir, the bodies of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, Charles I. and a daughter of Queen Anne. Many other distinguished persons are interred within this fabric. Adjoining the east end is a neat building, erected by Henry VII. as a burial-place for himself and successors; which is now the royal mausoleum, and in which their late Majesties, Princess Charlotte, and others have been interred.

Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine Artist. Written by himself. Containing a variety of Information respecting the Arts, and the History of the Sixteenth Century. A new Edition. Corrected and Enlarged from the last Milan Edition. With the Notes and Observations of G. P. Carpani. Now first translated, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 814. London, 1822.

THE romance of real life is often fraught with incidents more remarkable, and situations more striking, than the imagination of the novelist has ever conceived; such a life was that of Benvenuto Cellini, whose auto-biography is, as Horace Walpole justly says, 'more amusing than any novel.' The Italian literati have carried their admiration still farther, particularly Baretti, Parini, and Tiraboschi, who describe it as the most entertaining and delightful work in the whole compass of Italian literature.

The life of Cellini does not merely contain a narrative of his own extraordinary adventures as an artist and a soldier, but they give an able view of the arts, the history, and the state of society in the period in which he lived; and that the period was important, and the opportunities of the author particularly favourable, it is only necessary to say that Cellini was a distinguished

artist, living in familiar intercourse with Michael Angelo, Titian, and the great Italian sculptors and painters of the age; and that he enjoyed the patronage and friendship of Francis I. of France, the Emperor Charles V. of Spain, Popes Clement VII. and Paul III., Duke Cosmo of Florence, and other princes, statesmen, &c.

That Cellini's narrations cannot always be relied on, is admitted by his editor; but he very properly observes, that, 'his confined education, his susceptible nerves, his superlative credulity and superstition, and wild imaginations may in general be sufficient apologies for him, and save him from the charge of intentional misrepresentation.'

The peculiar merit of the present edition is the care with which it has been revised and corrected by the Milan edition of 1806; and the addition of the valuable notes of Signor Carpani, which are now first translated by Mr. Roscoe.

Cellini conceived it a duty incumbent on all men, in whatever state or condition of life, who have performed virtuous or famous actions or otherwise distinguished themselves, if they be actuated by truth and honour, to become their own biographers. He says they should not enter upon this task before their fortieth year; he, however, deferred it until he had reached the age of fifty-eight. Such being his reason for writing, we shall now proceed to his memoirs.

Benvenuto Cellini was the son of a citizen of Florence, and was born on the night of All Saints Day in 1500. His father and mother had been married eighteen years before they had any children; the first was a girl, and the father, fearing the second would be a girl also, was so rejoiced at finding a man-child born, that he determined on calling it *Benvenuto*, welcome. Cellini's father was an engineer, and also worked admirably in ivory, being the first that excelled in that branch. But, as he was also musically inclined, he neglected his business and turned court musician:—

'Lorenzo de' Medici, and Pietro his son, who were very much his friends, seeing afterwards that he attached himself entirely to music, and neglected his business as an engineer, and his admirable art of working in ivory, removed him from that place. This my father highly resented, and thought himself very ill-used by his patrons. He therefore, on a sudden, applied again to his business, and made a looking-glass, about a cubit diameter, of

bone and ivory, adorned with carved figures and foliages, with the finest polish and the most admirable elegance of design. It was in the form of a wheel; the mirror was placed in the middle; round it were seven circles, in which the seven virtues were carved in ivory and bone; and both the mirror and the figures of the virtues were balanced in such a manner, that the wheel turning round, all the virtues moved at the same time, and had a weight to counterpoise them at their feet, which kept them in a straight direction. As he had a smattering of the Latin language, he carved a verse round the mirror, the purport of which was, "that on which side soever the wheel of fortune turns, virtue stands unshaken upon her feet."

"Rota sum semper, quò quò me verto, stat virtus."

'A short time after, his place of court-musician was restored to him.'

Young Benvenuto was intended by his father for a musician, and although, when very young, he excelled as a flute player, yet he had a great aversion to it, and determined on being a goldsmith, and, when fifteen, he engaged himself, against his father's inclination, to a goldsmith of the name of Antonio di Sandro. In a few months he rivalled the most skilful journeymen in the business. At the age of sixteen, in consequence of an affray in the streets, he was banished for six months from Florence, when he went to Sienna; but he returned as soon as the term was expired, and, applying himself sedulously to his business, he next went to Pisa, where he remained twelve months. He afterwards visited Rome, where he studied the designs of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, and met with great encouragement. He remained two years, and then returned to Florence, where, as usual, Cellini got into several scrapes, which the reputation of his talents got him out of. In an affray with some of his fellow workmen, he struck one of them, and was fined by the court four measures of meal. He says:—

'Inflamed by this treatment, swelling like an enraged asp, and being naturally of a very passionate temper, I waited till the court broke up, and the magistrates were gone to dinner; finding myself then alone, and that I was no longer observed by any of the officers of the court, I left the place in a violent fury, and went in all haste to my workshop, where I took up a dagger, and ran to attack my adversaries, who by that time were come home. I found them at table, and young Gherardo, who had been the chief cause of the quarrel, immediately flew at me. I thereupon gave him a stab in the breast, which pierced through his cloak

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and doublet, without once reaching his skin, or doing him any sort of harm. Imagining, however, from the rustling of his clothes, upon my giving the stab, and from his falling flat upon the ground, through fright and astonishment, that I had done him some great hurt, I cried out, "Traitor, this is the day that I shall be revenged upon you all." The father, mother, and sisters, thinking that the day of judgment was come, fell prostrate upon their knees, and, with voices full of terror and consternation, implored my protection. Seeing then that none of my adversaries stood upon the defensive, and that Gherardo lay stretched out upon the ground like a dead corpse, I scorned to meddle with them, but ran down stairs like a madman. When I got into the street, I found the rest of the family, who were above a dozen in number, ready to attack me. One of them held a ball of iron, another a thick iron tube, another a hammer taken from an anvil, and others again had cudgels in their hands. Rushing amongst them like a mad bull, I threw down four or five, and fell to the ground along with them, now aiming my dagger at one, now at another. Those who continued standing, exerted themselves to the utmost, belabouring me with their hammers and cudgels! but, as God sometimes mercifully interposes upon such occasions, it so happened that I neither received nor did any harm. I lost nothing but my cap, which fell into the hands of my adversaries: being assured it was only my cap, each of them struck it with his respective weapon; but upon looking about for the wounded and slain, it appeared that none of them had sustained any injury.

The scuffle being over, I bent my course towards the convent of Santa Maria Novella, and accidentally met with a friar named Alessio Strozzi. Though I was not acquainted with the good father, I intreated him to save my life, for I had been guilty of a heinous crime. The friar desired me not to be under any apprehensions, for that, whatever crimes I might have committed, I should be in perfect security in his cell. In about an hour's time, the magistrates having met in an extraordinary manner, published one of the most tremendous edicts that ever was heard of, threatening the severest penalties to whomsoever should grant me an asylum, or be privy to my concealment, without any distinction of place or quality of the person that harboured me.

My poor afflicted father, appearing before the eight judges, fell prostrate upon the ground, and begged them to shew compassion to his young but unfortunate son. Thereupon one of those incensed magistrates, shaking the top of his venerable hood, stood up, and thus angrily expressed himself: "Rise directly and quit this spot, or, to-morrow morning, we shall banish you from the town." My father, in answer to these menaces said: "You will act as God permits you, and no far-

ther." The magistrate replied, that nothing could be more certain than that God had thus ordered matters. My father then said boldly to him: "My comfort is that you are a stranger to the orders of Providence." Having thus quitted the court he came to me with a youth about my age, whose name was Piero, son of Giovanni Landi (we were much dearer to each other than if we had been brothers): this young man had under his cloak an excellent sword and a coat of mail. My father having acquainted me with the situation of affairs, and what the magistrates had said, embraced me most tenderly, and gave me his blessing, saying, "May the protection of God be with you." Then presenting me with the sword, and the coat of mail, he with his own hands, helped to accoutre me, concluding with these words: "My worthy son, with these arms you must either live or die." Piero Landi, who was present, wept without ceasing, and brought me ten crowns of gold. I desired him to pull off some little hairs from my cheeks, which were the first down that overspread them. Father Alessio dressed me in the habit of a friar, and gave me a lay brother for a companion.

Cellini again visited Rome, and applied himself to seal-engraving, and to other branches of the art. Indeed, he says,—

Were I to give a complete account of all the works I had at this time for persons of different stations in life, my narrative would become altogether tedious; suffice it at present to observe, that I exerted myself with the utmost diligence and care to acquire perfection in a variety of different arts, as above enumerated; and therefore with unceasing perseverance worked at them all. But, as an opportunity has not hitherto occurred of giving an account of any of my remarkable performances, I shall wait until such a one offers. Michelagnolo of Sienna, the statuary, was at this time employed in erecting a monument to the late Pope Adrian. Giulio Romano the painter was gone into the service of the Marquis of Mantua: the other members were retired to different quarters, as their business happened to lead them, so that our ingenious society was almost entirely dispersed.

Soon afterwards I met with some little Turkish daggers, the handles of which were of iron as well as the blade, and even the scabbard was of that metal. On these were engraved several fine foliages in the Turkish taste, most beautifully filled up with gold. I found I had a strong inclination to cultivate this branch likewise, which was so different from the rest; and, finding that I had great success in it, I produced several pieces in this way. My performances, indeed, were much finer and more durable than the Turkish, for several reasons: one was, that I made a much deeper incision in the steel than is generally practised in Turkish works; the

other that their foliages are nothing else but chicory leaves, with some few flowers of Echites: these have, perhaps, some grace, but they do not continue to please like our foliages. In Italy there is a variety of tastes, and we cut foliages in many different forms. The Lombards make the most beautiful wreaths, representing ivy and vine leaves, and others of the same sort, with agreeable twinings highly pleasing to the eye. The Romans and Tuscans have a much better notion in this respect, for they represent Acanthus leaves, with all their festoons and flowers, winding in a variety of forms; and, amongst these leaves, they insert birds and animals of several sorts, with great ingenuity and elegance, in the arrangement. They likewise have recourse occasionally to wild flowers, such as those called lions' mouths, from their peculiar shape, accompanied by other fine inventions of the imagination, which are termed grotesques by the ignorant. These foliages have received that name from the moderns, because they are found in certain caverns in Rome, which in ancient days were chambers, baths, studies, halls, and other places of the like nature. The curious happened to discover them in these subterraneous caverns, whose low situation is owing to the rising of the surface of the ground in a series of ages; and as these caverns, in Rome, are commonly called grottos, they from thence acquire the name of grotesque. But this is not their proper name: for, as the ancients delighted in the composition of chimerical creatures, and gave to the supposed promiscuous breed of animals the appellation of monsters, in like manner artists produced by their foliages monsters of this sort; and that is the proper name for them—not grotesques. In such a taste I made foliages filled up in the manner above-mentioned, which were far more elegant and pleasing to the eye than the Turkish works.

It happened about this time that certain vases were discovered, which appeared to be antique urns filled with ashes. Amongst these were iron rings inlaid with gold, in each of which was set a diminutive shell. Learned antiquarians, upon investigating the nature of these rings, declared their opinion that they were worn as charms by those who desired to behave with steadiness and resolution either in prosperous or adverse fortune.

A new field was now opened to Cellini; the Duke of Bourbon with his army appeared before the walls of Bourbon, and Cellini was summoned to join in opposing the enemy, when he shot the Duke as he was scaling the walls. He was afterwards employed as engineer in the castle; he says:—

I now gave my whole attention to firing my guns, by which means I did signal execution, so that I had in a high degree acquired the favour and good graces of his holiness. There passed not a day, that I did not kill some of the army without the

castle. One day, amongst others, the pope happened to walk upon the round rampart, when he saw in the public walks a Spanish colonel, whom he knew by certain tokens; and, understanding that he had formerly been in his service, he said something concerning him, all the while observing him attentively. I, who was above at the battery, and knew nothing of the matter, but saw a man who was employed in getting the trenches repaired, and who stood with a spear in his hand, dressed in rose-colour, began to deliberate how I should lay him flat. I took my swivel, which was almost equal to a demi-culverin, turned it round, and, charging it with a good quantity of fine and coarse powder mixed, aimed it at him exactly, though he was at so great a distance, that it could not be expected any effort of art should make such pieces carry so far. I fired off the gun, and hit the man in red exactly in the middle: he had arrogantly placed his sword before him in a sort of Spanish bravado, but the ball of my piece hit against his sword, and the man was seen severed into two pieces. The pope, who did not dream of any such thing, was highly delighted and surprised at what he saw, as well because he thought it impossible that such a piece could carry so far, as that he could not conceive how the man could be cut into two pieces. Upon this he sent for me, and made an inquiry into the whole affair. I told him the art I had used to fire in that manner; but, as for the man's being split into two pieces, neither he nor I were able to account for it. So falling upon my knees, I intreated his holiness to absolve me from the guilt of homicide, as likewise from other crimes which I had committed in that castle in the service of the church. The pope, lifting up his hands and making the sign of the cross over me, said that he blessed me and gave me his absolution for all the homicides that I had ever committed or ever should commit, in the service of the apostolic church.

Upon quitting him I again went up to the battery, and continuing to keep a constant fire, I scarce once missed all the time. My drawing, my elegant studies, and my taste for music, all vanished before this butchering business; and, if I were to give a particular account of all the exploits I performed in this infernal employment, I should astonish all the world; but I pass them by for the sake of brevity. I shall only touch upon some of the most remarkable, which should not be omitted upon any account. As I thought incessantly of exerting all my endeavours in defence of the church, I took it into consideration that the enemy every night changed their guard, and passed through the great gate of S. Spirito, which was indeed a reasonable length for the artillery to carry; but, because I shot cross-ways, I did not do so much execution as I wished. And yet there was every day a considerable number slain, so that the enemy, seeing the pass become dangerous, one

night, heaped above a hundred barrels upon the top of a house, which obstructed my prospect. Having now reflected more maturely upon the matter than I had done at first, I levelled my whole five pieces of artillery against those barrels, and waited for the relieving of the guard till the dusk of the evening. As they imagined themselves in perfect security, they came on slower and in greater numbers than usual. I then fired off my pieces, and not only threw the barrels to the ground, but with the same shot killed above thirty men. Upon my continuing to act in the same manner, two or three times more, the soldiers were put into such disorder, that, amongst those who had loaded themselves with plunder at the sacking of Rome, some of them, desirous of enjoying the fruits of their military toil, were disposed to mutiny against their officers and march off; but, being appeased by a valiant captain, whose name was Gian d'Urbino, they were with great difficulty prevailed on to turn through another pass in order to relieve the guard. This obliged them to fetch a compass of about three miles; whereas they at first had but half a mile to march. This affair being over, all the nobility in the castle conferred extraordinary favours on me. I chose to relate this exploit on account of its importance, though it is foreign to the profession which first induced me to take pen in hand. But if I were to fill up the history of my life with such events, my narrative would become too voluminous. I shall, therefore, relate but one more of this sort, which I have reserved for its proper place.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia. &c. &c., during the years 1817, 1818, 1819, and 1820. By Sir Robert Ker Porter. Vol. II. 4to. London, 1820.

IN *The Literary Chronicle* of last year, we noticed the first volume of Sir Robert Porter's travels, in terms of strong commendation; and although the second volume, which completes the author's plan, does not appear to us quite so original or so interesting, yet it possesses sufficient merit to recommend it among the popular but expensive publications of the day. Four guineas and a half for a single quarto volume is too much, even allowing for a liberal number of indifferently executed sketches, with which it is furnished.

Of Sir Robert Porter's qualifications for a traveller, we have already spoken highly; few individuals are more competent to the task of ascertaining and making us acquainted with the antiquities, manners, and customs of the nations among whom he journeys; and

although not always, perhaps, very accurate, yet great reliance may be placed both on his judgment and integrity. Sir Robert commences his volume with his departure from Shiraz, on the 29th of July, 1818. Three days afterwards he entered the sacred village of Iman Zada Ismael. The approach to this place is through groves of wild almond, hawthorn, and mulberry trees, intermixed with large bushes, bearing a flower resembling lavender, both in appearance and smell. The village is considered holy ground, and every individual in it claims his descent from Mahomet; hence they are called Saïeds, or sons of the prophet. Here our author remained until the 15th. At Yesdikal he met with an old man, who related to him a most singular escape he had from death, during the reign of the tyrant Nackee Khan, who—

‘Having, by intrigues and assassinations, made himself master of the regal power at Shiraz, this monster of human kind found that the governor of Ispahan, instead of adhering to him, had proclaimed the accession of the lawful heir. No sooner was the news brought to Nackee Khan, than he put himself at the head of his troops, and set forward to revenge his contemned authority. When he arrived as far as Yezdikast, he encamped his army for a short halt, near the tomb on the north side. Being as insatiable of money as blood, he sent to the inhabitants of Yezdikast, and demanded an immense sum in gold, which he insisted should instantly be paid to his messengers. Unable to comply, the fact was respectfully pleaded in excuse; namely, “that all the money the city had possessed, was already taken away by his own officers, and those of the opposite party; and that, at present, there was scarce a toman in the place.” Enraged at this answer, he repaired full of wrath to the town, and, ordering eighteen of the principal inhabitants to be brought before him, again demanded the money, but with threats and imprecations which made the hearers tremble. Still, however, they could only return the same answer—“their utter inability to pay;” and the tyrant, without a moment's preparation, commanded the men to be seized, and hurled from the top of the precipice, in his sight. Most of them were instantly killed on the spot; others, cruelly maimed, died in terrible agonies where they fell; and the describer of the dreadful scene was the only one who survived. He could form no idea of how long he lay after precipitation, utterly senseless; “but,” added he, “by the will of God, I breathed again; and, on opening my eyes, found myself amongst the dead and mangled bodies of my former neighbours and friends. Some yet groaned.” He then related, that, in the midst of his horror at the sight, he heard

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sounds of yet more terrible acts, from the top of the cliff; and, momentarily strengthened by fear of he knew not what, for he believed that death had already grasped his own poor shattered frame, he managed to crawl away unperceived into one of the numerous caverned holes which perforate the foot of the steep. He lay there in an expiring state the whole night, but in the morning was providentially discovered by some of the town's people, who came to seek the bodies of their murdered relatives, to mourn over, and take them away for burial. The poor man, feeble as he was, called to these weeping groups; and to their astonishment and joy, they drew out one survivor from the dreadful heap of slain. No time was lost in conveying him home, and administering every kind of assistance; but many months elapsed before he was able to move from his house, so deep had been the injuries inflicted in his fall.

'In the course of his awful narrative, he told us, that the noise which had so appalled him, as he lay among the blood-stained rocks, was indeed the acting of a new cruelty of the usurper. After having witnessed the execution of his sentence on the eighteen citizens, whose asseverations he had determined not to believe, Nackee Khan immediately sent for a devout man, called Saied Hassan, who was considered the sage of the place, and for his charities greatly beloved by the people. "This man," said the Khan, "being a descendant of the prophet, must know the truth, and will tell it me. He shall find me those who can and will pay the money." But the answer given by the honest Saied, being precisely the same with that of the innocent victims who had already perished, the tyrant's fury knew no bounds, and, rising from his seat, he ordered the holy man to be rent asunder in his presence, and then thrown over the rock, to increase the monument of his vengeance below.

'It was the tumult of this most dreadful execution, which occasioned the noise that drove the affrighted narrator to the shelter of any hole from the eye of merciless man. But the cruel scene did not end there. Even in the yet sensible ear of the Saied, expiring in agonies, his execrable murderer ordered that his wife and daughters should be given up to the soldiers; and that, in punishment of such universal rebellion in the town, the whole place should be razed to the ground. But this last act of blood on a son of the prophet cost the perpetrator his life. For the soldiers themselves, and the nobles who had been partizans of the usurper, were so struck with horror at the sacrilegious murder, and appalled with the threatened guilt of violating women of the sacred family, that they believed a curse must follow the abettors of such a man. The next step, in their minds, was to appease Heaven by the immolation of the offender; and, in the course of that very night, a band of his servants cut the cords of his tent, which instantly falling in upon

him, afforded them a secure opportunity of burying their poniards in his body. The first strokes were followed by thousands: so detested was the wretch, that in a few minutes his remains were hewn and torn to pieces. It does not become men to lift the veil which lies over the whole doom of a ruthless murderer: but there is something in the last mortal yell of a tyrant, whether it be a Robespierre or a Nackee Khan, which sounds as if mingled with a dreadful echo from the eternal shore.'

In the course of his travels, Sir Robert had many opportunities of observing the Persian character, which he thus sums up:—

'The variety of character amongst these people is equally interesting and extraordinary, and that variety does not exist more in certain dissimilarities distinguishing one individual from another, than in those very dissimilarities often meeting in one man. The Persian's natural disposition is amiable, with quick parts; and on these foundations, the circumstances of climate and government have formed his character. Perhaps a stronger proof could not be given of the former trait than that we find in their history no terrible details of sanguinary popular tumults. The page is blotted in a thousand places, with massacres done by order of a single tyrant; but never a disposition for insurrection, and wide murderous revenge, in the people *en masse*. Fond of pleasure than ambitious of the sterner prerogatives of power, they seek their chief good in the visions of a fanciful philosophy, or the fervours of a faith which kindles the imagination with the senses. The dreams of their poets, the delights of the Anderoon, the vigour of the chase; these, with services at court, whether to the Shah, or to his princely representatives over provinces, or to their delegated authorities in towns and villages, all alike form the favourite pursuits of the Persian, from the highest khan to the lowest subject in the empire.

'I have already mentioned, that the peculiar temperament of the Persian is lively, imitative, full of imagination, and of that easy nature which we, in the west, call "taking the world lightly;" and that hence he is prone to seek pleasures, and to enjoy them with his whole heart. Amongst these, the gaiety of his taste renders him fond of pomp and show; but his fear of attracting suspicion to his riches, prevents him exhibiting such signs in his own person, beyond an extra superb shawl, a handsomely hilted dagger, or the peculiar beauty of his kalions. The utmost magnificence of his house, consists in the number of apartments, and extent of the courts; of the rose-trees and little fountains in the one, and the fine carpets and nummuds in the other. But vessels of gold or silver are never seen. The dinner trays are of painted wood; and those on which the sweatmeats and fruits appear, are of copper, thickly tinned over,

looking like dirty plate. Neither gluttony nor epicurism is a vice of this nation. The lower classes also live principally upon bread, fruits, and water. The repasts of the higher consist of the simplest fare, their cookery being devoid of any ingredient to stimulate the appetite. Sherbets, of different kinds, are their usual beverage; and tea and coffee the luxuries of ceremonious meetings. In this general abstinence from what is usually styled the pleasures of the table, we find a nearer resemblance to the manly frugality of ancient Persis, or Iran, (which the admirable institutions of the first Cyrus extended from that people to the less temperate Medes,) than to the manners which prevailed even in so short a time as a century after, under the reign of Artaxerxes Mnemon.

'From the earliest times, the breeding of fine horses has been a passion in the east; and in no country more than Persia, where, indeed, a man and his horse are seen in such constant companionship, that custom has, in a manner, identified them with each other, and hence the most beautiful steeds are never brought in proof of any extraordinary riches; a Persian being well mounted, though the clothes on his back may not be worth half a toman. Their mules, too, are a stately useful race. I have already noticed, that horse-racing is not pursued here, as with us, to produce a certain prodigious swiftness in a short given time; but to exercise the limbs of the travelling or courier-horse, to go over a considerable number of miles in one day, or more, at an unusual rate, without slackening his pace or suffering by the exertion. The fleetness of a Persian horse in the chase is equal to that of any country; but his exquisite management in the military sports of the girid, &c. cannot be equalled on any other field. In these exercises we see something of the latent fire of the chivalric Shah Sevund, breaking forth in their descendants, and lambently playing on the point of their lances. The dexterity of the evolutions, the grace of their motions, and the knightly gallantry of their address, unite in giving an inexpressible charm to these scenes. But it does not end there. This *gaieté de cœur* and courtesy of manner, pervading every class, renders the society of the higher ranks particularly amiable; and communication with the lower free of any rudeness. Nay, indeed, the humblest peasant, from the old man to the boy, expresses himself with a degree of civility only to be expected from education and refinement. Quick in seeing or apprehending occasions of service, high and low seem to bend themselves gracefully to whatever task their superiors may assign; besides, talent seems to contend with inclination in accomplishing its fulfilment. In short, this pliant polished steel of character, so different from the sturdy nature and stubborn uses of the iron sons of the north, fit the Persians to be at once a great, a happy, and a peaceable people,

under a legitimate and well-ordered monarchy.'

Of the agriculture of the peasants, he also gives an account, which is worth quoting. He says:—

'No man can enter Persia without remembering he is about to tread a land which a long line of native princes covered with cities, and towns, and fertility; a country, which even its Grecian conquerors embellished with the noblest structures, and Roman invaders adorned with bridges, aqueducts, and castles. But of all these towns, villages, and structures, the erections of so many different ages and generations of men, few remain of any kind that are not sunk in ruin or furrowed with decay. Where were once cities, and hamlets, and cultivated fields, are now vast solitudes; without house, or hut, or tree, or blade of grass for many, many miles. Indeed, so frequent are these monotonous tracts, dreary to the eye and dismal to the heart, that the glimpse of a mouldering wall, round some long-abandoned village seen from afar; or a distant view of the broken massive arches of a lonely caravansary, surrendered to the wild animals of the waste; being memorials that human footsteps once were there, are sights of welcome to the cheerless traveller, way-wearied by such unvaried scenes of desert solitariness.'

'Travelling onward, we found bands of peasants engaged in the different rural occupations of the season,—some separating the grain from the straw; others cutting down the corn that had been left standing, but performing the business with a sickle so unlike our's, as to be scarcely bended in the blade. The threshing operation is managed by a machine, composed of a large square frame of wood, which contains two wooden cylinders placed parallel to each other, and which have a turning motion. They are stuck full of spikes, with sharp square points, but not all of a length. These rollers have the appearance of the barrels in an organ, and their projections, when brought in contact with the corn, break the stalk and disengage the ear. They are put in motion by a couple of cows or oxen yoked to the frame, and guided by a man sitting on the plank that covers the frame which contains the cylinders. He drives this agricultural equipage in a circle, round any great accumulation of just-gathered harvest, keeping at a certain distance from the verge of the heap; close to which a second peasant stands, holding a long-handled twenty-pronged fork, shaped like the spread sticks of a fan; and with which he throws the unbound sheaves forward to meet the rotary motion of the machine. He has a shovel also ready, with which he removes to a considerable distance the corn that has already passed the wheel. Other men are on the spot, with the like implement, which they fill with the broken material, and throw it aloft in the air, where the wind blows away the chaff, and the grain

falls to the ground. The latter process is repeated till the corn is completely winnowed from its refuse, when it is gathered up, carried home, and deposited for use in large earthen jars. The straw, also, is preserved with care, being the sole winter food of the horses and mules. But while I looked on at this patriarchal style of husbandry, and at the strong, yet docile animal which, for so many ages, had been the right hand of man in his business of tilling and reaping the ground, I could not but revere the beneficent law which pronounced, "muzzle not the ox when he treads out the corn."

Our author gives a long account of the ancient Ecbatana, now Hamadan, which is now little more than a heap of ruins. Here he visited the tomb of Esther, of which he gives the following description:—

'The Jewish part of the inhabitants with whom I conversed shook their heads at the history of the Judean tomb on the mountain, but entered with a solemn interest into the questions I put to them, respecting the sepulchre of Esther and Mordecai; the dome roof of which rises over the low dun habitations of the poor remnant of Israel, still lingering in the land of their captivity. This tomb is regarded by all the Jews who yet exist in the empire as a place of particular sanctity; and pilgrimages are still made to it at certain seasons of the year, in the same spirit of holy penitence with which, in former times, they turned their eyes towards Jerusalem. Being desirous of visiting a place, which Christians cannot view without reverence, I sent to request that favour of the priest under whose care it is preserved. He came to me immediately on my message, and seemed pleased with the respect manifested towards the ancient people of his nation, in the manner with which I asked to be admitted to their shrine.

'I accompanied the priest through the town, over much ruin and rubbish, to an enclosed piece of ground, rather more elevated than any in its immediate vicinity. In the centre was the Jewish tomb; a square building of brick, of a mosque-like form, with a rather elongated dome at the top. The whole seems in a very decaying state, falling fast to the mouldered condition of some wall-fragments around, which, in former times, had been connected with, and extended the consequence of the sacred enclosure. The door that admitted us into the tomb, is, in the ancient sepulchral fashion of the country, very small; consisting of a single stone of great thickness, and turning on its own pivots from one side. Its key is always in possession of the head of the Jews, resident at Hamadan; and, doubtless, has been so preserved from the time of the holy pair's interment, when the grateful sons of the captivity, whose lives they had rescued from universal massacre, first erected a monument over the remains of their benefactors, and obeyed the ordinance of grati-

tude in making the anniversary of their preservation, a lasting memorial of Heaven's mercy, and the just faith of Esther and Mordecai.

'The original structure, it is said, was destroyed at the sacking of the place by Timour; and soon after that catastrophe, when the country became a little settled, the present unobtrusive building was raised on the original spot. Certain devout Jews of the city stood to the expense; and about a hundred and fifty years ago, (nearly five hundred after its re-erection,) it was fully repaired by a rabbi of the name of Ismael.

'On passing through the little portal, which we did in an almost doubled position, we entered a small arched chamber, in which are seen the graves of several rabbis; probably, one may cover the remains of the pious Ismael; and not unlikely the others may contain the bodies of the first re-builders after the sacrilegious destruction by Timour. Having "trod lightly by their graves," a second door of such very confined dimensions presented itself at the end of this vestibule, we were constrained to enter it on our hands and knees, and then standing up, we found ourselves in a larger chamber, to which appertained the dome. Immediately under its concave stand two sarcophagi, made of a very dark wood, carved with great intricacy of pattern and richness of twisted ornament, with a line of inscription in Hebrew, running round the upper ledge of each. Many other inscriptions, in the same language, are cut on the walls; while one of the oldest antiquity, engraved on a slab of white marble, is let into the wall itself. The priest assured me, it had been rescued from the ruins of the first edifice, at its demolition by the Tartars; and, with the sarcophagi themselves, was preserved on the same consecrated spot.

'Hebrew Inscription of a Marble Slab in the Sepulchre of Esther and Mordecai.'

"Mordecai, beloved and honoured by a king, was great and good. His garments were as those of a sovereign. Ahasuerus covered him with this rich dress, and also placed a golden chain around his neck. The city of Susa rejoiced at his honours, and his high fortune became the glory of the Jews."

'The inscription which encompasses the sarcophagus of Mordecai, is to this effect:

"It is said by David, preserve me, O God! I am now in thy presence. I have cried at the gate of heaven, that thou art my God; and what goodness I have received came from thee, O Lord!

"Those whose bodies are now beneath in this earth, when animated by thy mercy, were great; and whatever happiness was bestowed upon them in this world, came from thee, O God!

"Their grief and sufferings were many at the first sight, but they became happy, because they always called upon thy holy name in their miseries. Thou liftedst me up, and I became powerful. Thine enemies sought to destroy me, in the early

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were
rece

times of my life; but the shadow of thy hand was upon me, and covered me, as a tent, from their wicked purposes!—*Mordecai.*”

“The following is a translation of the inscription carved round the sarcophagus of Esther the queen:

“I praise thee, O God, that thou hast created me! I know that my sins merit punishment, yet I hope for mercy at thy hands; for whenever I call upon thee, thou art with me; thy holy presence secures me from all evil.

“My heart is at ease, and my fear of thee increases. My life became, through thy goodness, at the last full of peace.

“O God! do not shut my soul out from thy divine presence! Those whom thou lovest, never feel the torments of hell. Lead me, O merciful Father, to the life of life: that I may be filled with the heavenly fruits of paradise!—*Esther.*”

(To be continued.)

The Vale of Chamouni, a Poem. By the Author of *Rome*. 8vo. pp. 176. London, 1822.

THE origin of poetic inspiration is as varied as its effects; love makes every one a rhymester, though not a poet; romantic scenery or any of the beauties of nature give the impulse to others; it was, however, a sea-voyage that first enlisted the author of the *Vale of Chamouni* in the train of the muses, though we suspect he was not impressed, but that he was a volunteer. Versifying a dull journal during a tiresome voyage to South America was the first poetical attempt of the author; describing the awful grandeur of Alpine scenery, his last.

It is not a little remarkable that the vale of Chamouni, which is now the principal object of attraction to every traveller in Switzerland, was, until nearly the middle of the last century, as little known as the interior of Africa:—

“Until the year 1741, no traveller had ventured to penetrate this valley, which was known only from its crystals and honey, that the peasants brought to Geneva. Two Englishmen, Messrs. Pococke and Wyndham, were the first that attempted the discovery of this terra incognita. They commenced the campaign, accompanied by a numerous suite of domestics, heavily armed, and followed by a train of baggage-mules. They arrived the first day at Salanches, where they pitched their tents, and posted sentries, expecting to be attacked by the wild men of the mountains. Next morning they advanced to the priory, and their formidable appearance spread terror among the peaceable inhabitants. The curé of the village came out to meet them, and soon convinced them of the needlessness of their precautions. They were so much pleased with the hospitable reception they met with, that their descrip-

tion of the valley and its simple natives induced others to follow their steps.”

“The Vale of Chamouni,” is one of those poems, which, if not of the first rank, will be read with pleasure by every admirer of the poetry of nature. Its smooth versification, with the minute and often vivid descriptions it contains, are strong recommendations, and there is a poetical vigour in the whole, which sustains the narrative without ever becoming tedious. We shall only quote one passage, descriptive of Bonaparte’s crossing the Alps. The author first alludes to the passage Hannibal:—

“Still must that warrior chief the triumph share,

Who, like the brinded tiger from his lair, Sprang o’er these icy barriers to the plains Of soft Hesperia; when the shepherd swains Fled to the towering rocks and caverns rude, As if the gory wolf their track pursued. Cradled amidst the glorious din of arms, That infant hero smil’d at war’s alarms, And swore, amidst the sacred altar’s flame, To crush the splendour of the Roman name. He pass’d the strait, where rolls the western tide, Where Calpe’s rock ascends in castled pride, A giant’s pillar frowning o’er the deep; Iberia’s plains, the Pyrenean steep, Gaul’s purple fields, and Rhone’s majestic wave, And hills forlorn, where alpine tempests rave; He cross’d the icy chain and mountain hoar, Untrod by steed or mortal foot before; He taught unwieldy elephants to climb O’er the sharp glacier’s ridge, and Alps sublime,

Where no chasseur had e’er the chamois chas’d, The unmolested monarch of the waste; O’er his proud march bright Fortune’s pinions play,

And rocks of flinty granite melt away. Standing sublime above the frozen wild, When sweet Hesperia’s vales beneath him smil’d,

“Behold,” he cried, “the rich, the promis’d soil, The bright reward that crowns the soldier’s toil; Those fields are your’s, and soon shall haughty Rome

Vanquish’d become the Carthaginian’s home.” Now o’er Insubria’s plain the daring band Trod with barbaric step the sacred land; And where Ticinus’ pearly current flows, Scatter’d o’er hill and vale their feeble foes. They cross’d the rapid Po’s tempestuous bed; From Trebia’s bleeding banks Sempronius fled; O’er the blue Apennines with toil and pain They march’d, and rested on Etruria’s plain. Flaminius there his gallant legions drew In battle’s bright array; his eagles flew In conscious pride, and round his temples wove Anticipated laurels; valour strove In vain to cope with Carthaginian art; Cold stratagem insnar’d the hero’s heart. By craft the unsuspecting prey was drawn, When rain and sable clouds obscur’d the dawn, Close to the borders of the lucid wave, Where now Perugian beauty loves to lave. Dire was the conflict; on that dreadful day, Unheard the peeling thunders roll’d away, And earthquakes rock’d the ground; black storms and rain

Unheeded flew, and lightnings flash’d in vain. There first the Roman eagle droop’d her wing, As bend to blust’ring winds the flowers of spring,

When evening shew’d the broken spear and shield,

How dread the mournful silence of the field! The legions of imperial Rome were found Pressing in bleeding heaps the slippery ground, Their consul slain, the scatter’d remnant fled, And valour stretch’d on battle’s crimson bed. On Thrasymene’s green shores the piercing share, That lays the pasture’s flowery bosom here, Oft meets some relic of that fatal morn, And, when the sickle cuts the sunny corn, The reaper, ’midst his golden treasures, hears The sound of ringing helms and iron spears.

“That true-born soldier hurried me along, And wove his bright achievements in my song; His daring enterprise and thirst of fame Recall the glories of a mightier name, That second Hannibal, who likewise broke These frozen fetters; whom misfortune’s stroke Ne’er crush’d, nor wore his lofty spirit down; Immortal hope surviv’d his ravish’d crown. He with his glittering arms and thundering train Roll’d o’er these alpine rocks, and swept the plain,

Swift as the blasting avalanche; his course Resistless mock’d the congregated force Of hostile legions, castle, rock, and tower, And dread ascendancy of papal power. He, like the comet, shed disastrous light, Brilliant, tho’ mournful, in its awful flight; And tho’ that fearful sun erratic roves, Still steady in its glorious march it moves; Wide o’er the pathless realms of ether hurl’d, It showers dismay around a trembling world, Blanching the cheeks of tyrants with its glare, With blood and battle in its fiery hair. Led by mysterious destiny he seem’d; On his bright path the star of glory beamed; “He came, he saw, he conquer’d;” and the hand

Of modern Cæsar rul’d Hesperia’s land; And that eternal city, which by arms Of sword or spear, or spiritual charms, For ages rul’d a subject hemisphere, Threw wide her portals, while the silent tear Of science bath’d the Vatican’s proud hall, Trod by the Vandal footsteps of the Gaul. The victor grasp’d the polish’d forms of Greece, And to a desert chang’d the Dome of Peace, Rome’s holy pontiff from his temple bore, And from his sacred head the gemm’d tiara tore.

“Tho’ sycophants, that crawl’d beneath his feet

Like abject worms, with smiles the Bourbon meet,

“Le drapeau blanc” with shouts triumphant wave,

And tramp in scorn their benefactor’s grave, Let faithful history record his deeds; The triumph ceases when the victim bleeds; Let powers above pronounce that hero’s doom; The bard exults not o’er the sacred tomb. Peace to his ashes;—when the lapse of years Shall dress in flowers the field of blood and tears, No more shall partial story cloud his fame, Nor envy blast the daring soldier’s name; The good remains; and long shall nations bless The hand that clear’d the pathless wilderness, And o’er the rocks a giant causeway threw To Italy’s sweet garden; treasures drew From hoards, that long in useless rust had lain, And scatter’d plenty o’er the famish’d plain. O’er hill and vale we trace the victor’s feet, On rock and wave some bright memorial meet; We see the spire of marble pierce the skies, The glorious fane in new-born splendour rise; Like polished ivory the temple gleams, In forms that realize Arabian dreams.

But, chief along this wild and frozen chain,
The traces of gigantic power remain;
O'er the black chasms on Simplon's dizzy steep
He cast the mighty arch; the rolling deep
Invisible like distant thunder moans,
And echo's voice repeats the mournful tones.
Thro' ribs of solid ice and frozen snow
He pierc'd; and where dissolving glaciers flow,
A vault in granite's rocky bosom cast,
Clear'd by the sulphur's fulminating blast.
With pleasing awe the stranger looks around,
And treads the mazes of enchanted ground;
He still seems lingering o'er his late abode,
Deluded by the replicating road;
At each new turn delightful landscapes rise,
New rocks and Alps embosomed in the skies;
He hears the music of the mournful wind
Float in the fir-trees' branches; torrents, lin'd
With beetling rocks in the ravine below,
In solemn cadence murmur as they flow.

Several interesting notes are added, one of which contains an anecdote of a Neapolitan physician, whose name should be enrolled with 'Marseilles's good Bishop,' Howard, and the other names dear to humanity:—

"When I visited the Lake of Avernum, in 1819, there was not one of the feathered tribe to be seen in the neighbourhood, although the shores of it are woody; and it is probable that the stories which poets relate of birds dropping dead on its waves are not altogether fabulous. It is well known that the mephitick vapour from "La Grotta del Cane," in the neighbourhood, occasions instant death to the smaller animals. In fact, the whole coast of Baia is merely a cru-t over a crater of fire and sulphur, and has been haply selected by Virgil as the scene of the infernal regions. I shall here trespass on my readers by relating the following anecdote of an Italian physician, who performed an act that may be termed a species of philanthropic madness. This Neapolitan Howard had invented a preparation for counteracting the effects of "Mal Aria;" and, as he was unwilling to risk the life of an unsuspecting patient, he determined to try the first experiment on his own person. He walked from Naples under a burning sun to the Lake of Avernum, waded into the water, and stood there up to the breast, until he had thrown himself into a perfect fever. He got himself put to bed at Pozzuoli, took his newly-invented medicine, and, after a tedious illness, succeeded in conquering the disease, but completely ruined his constitution. Having now ascertained the due proportion of ingredients to compose the salutary draught, he repaired to the Pontine Marshes, where the "Mal Aria" rages with the greatest fury. He went from house to house along that pestiferous swamp, administering his healing potion, and giving directions for using it during his absence; he raised hundreds from the bed of sickness, and converted pallid spectres into healthy men; and thousands of the rising generation are indebted to him for their existence. How the Cæsars and Alexanders dwindle into insignificance, when compared with this heroic philanthropist!"

Original Communications.

THE MERMAID.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I hope that some further accounts from the Cape will give us a few more *interesting* particulars of the *Mermaid*, said to have been lately exhibited there (vide *Lit. Chron.* p. 478.) That she was caught by a Chinese, and sold to an American captain, are rather suspicious circumstances. What has become of her comb and looking glass? I think it not unlikely that they will eventually be discovered in the stomach of the American serpent, and they may then form a separate exhibition, to the great profit of the proprietor,—upon nearly the same principle as the man enriched himself by exhibiting the fork which belonged to the knife with which Margaret Nicholson attempted to stab the King. Who that had been gratified with a sight of the *knife*, could refrain from spending an extra shilling for a peep at the *fork* also. And who that shall have seen the lady (not of the lake, but) of the ocean, would not also wish to see the chrystal furniture of her *boudoir*? The right reverend, (or very reverend,) the missionary who transmits the astonishing account, seems not to be deficient in anatomical knowledge, and therefore was certainly less likely to be imposed on; but men of undoubted professional skill have been egregiously cheated, and have burnt their fingers not with a *snap*, but a *sham* dragon, which proved, upon examination, to have been formed of eel-skins, fishes' bones, and the teeth of a rat! (Vide 'Curiosa Memoranda.') And I have certainly a few strong suspicions that this extraordinary prodigy has been contrived by some ingenious device, with a seal or monk fish. I think, if we could be admitted behind the scenes, we should enjoy the joke vastly.

Some years ago, a mermaid was exhibited in London, which was discovered to be made of leather; most likely of *shammy*; and it occurs to me that this lady from the Cape, may be of some similar manufacture. She certainly has been exposed in *buff*.—There are so many nondescripts in the shape of men and women of which I have heard that it is impossible to pronounce whether they are fish, flesh, or good red-herring; but here is an *animal*, (I beg pardon, a *lady*), who is all three. None but herself can be her parallel; 'never shall we look upon

her like again.' She is in fact a powdered haec*. As a person of *taste* in these little matters, (as well as science,) I shall be anxious for a list of all arrivals from the Cape. The proverb warns us to believe only one half the world says. I am inclined to follow the advice of the proverb; and of this story, till I have ocular demonstration, shall believe only the under-half. You may think me incredulous and call me an 'odd fish.' Be it so: I assure you that I am what I subscribe myself, A MERE-MAN.

[But not caught by an American captain]

ANTIQUARIAN REMINISCENCES.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

Forsan et hæc meminisse juvabit.—VIRG.

SIR,—I have been induced to send you the following reminiscences, as they relate to observances of frequent occurrence, and may entertain such of your readers as are prevented by more serious occupations, from making themselves acquainted with the origin of these customs, and whose curiosity may not be sufficiently ardent to induce them to read the prolix and elaborate productions of antiquarians, who, in general, adopt the opinion which Pliny has expressed in his letter to Cornelius Tacitus: that the size of a book adds much to its excellence and authority, 'voluminibus ipsis auctoritatem quandam et pulchritudinem adjicit magnitudo.'

In tracing the origin of these customs, I have derived some assistance from the labours and learning of More-sin; but such was his fanaticism against the abuses of the ancient church, that he seemed to be impressed with this idea as strongly as Cato was by an antipathy against Carthage, the rival of Rome, and who concluded almost all his speeches with the emphatic words, 'delenda est Carthago.' Thus More-sin (can we suppose it in imitation of the Roman patriot?) in treating of the origin of any custom prevalent in his time, generally concludes his observations with this or some such equivalent expression, 'Retinent Papaui morem.'

Paschal says, that the greater degree of sagacity any one is master of, the more originality will he discover in the characters of mankind.

Doctor Percival thinks this originality proceeds from particular associations, which, when they become inordi-

* Perhaps some of your readers may not be aware that a fish when salted is said to be powdered, and that the *hake* (by metathesis *haec*) is celebrated in this mode. G. C.—D.

nate (as was certainly the case with Moresin), produce partial alienations of the understanding; how, otherwise, can we account for that writer's observation upon the custom of the Persians and Assyrians giving each other their hands as a pledge of matrimony. 'Papatu retinet,' that this custom is derived from the Persians and Assyrians is probable enough, but how Moresin could have associated it with any superstitious practice of the ancient church, I cannot well imagine; we, who, though nearer the sun than our northern neighbours, and, therefore, may be supposed to be of warmer imaginations, do not scruple to shake hands as a token of friendship, and will not be easily persuaded to relinquish that practice, because, as Moresin would express it, 'Papani hoc adhuc utuntur.' It, however, may show that when fanatics wish to avoid one abuse they run into the opposite extreme:

'Dum stulti vitia vitant, in contraria currunt.'
HOR.

Though apparitions do not come within the plan I have marked out for myself in these reminiscences, yet, as they form a prominent feature in the superstitious character of the people, I trust their introduction will be excused by my indulgent readers.

APPARITIONS.—From the Latin word *appareo*, to appear. The greatest authors have given us accounts of nightly apparitions. Plutarch has related an account of that which appeared to Brutus, which is so generally known, and which is supposed to have made such an impression upon his mind, as to have contributed greatly to his defeat at the battle of Philippi. In the twenty-seventh letter of the seventh book of Pliny's Epistles, is a most entertaining narrative of a ghost which haunted a house at Athens: the ghost, after various rencontres with the domestics, succeeded in ejecting the tenants, from what he considered his exclusive property; a bill was put upon the house, which was offered to be sold much below its value. This circumstance excited the surprise of Athenodorus, the Stoic philosopher of Tarsus, who, having inquired the particulars, undertook to ascertain the truth of what was related; he accordingly remained alone in the house, and used every precaution to prevent his being imposed upon, by any imaginary fears or fascinations; the ghost appeared, answering in every respect the description he had already received, beckoned to the philosopher, who followed him to a court belonging

to the house, where he immediately disappeared. Athenodorus marked the spot, brought the magistrates to the place the following day, who had the place dug up; human bones were found buried there, bound in chains, which, after they had obtained the rights of sepulchre, the house was no longer haunted. He adds, that an apparition appeared to one of his slaves, whose hair it cut off as he lay in bed. His freedman, Marcus, a man of learning, had, a short time before, a dream to the same effect. Pliny draws this conclusion from these supernatural occurrences, that, as it was usual for accused persons to suffer their hair to grow, this cutting off the hair of his domestic servants portended his escape from the danger that threatened him from a libel which Carus had given to Domitian; but, from the consequences of which he was preserved by the death of the emperor: this marks the date of these occurrences. Domitian having been assassinated on 18th Sept. in 96 of the Christian æra. I do not pretend to justify a belief in these supernatural appearances; I will only say that we should look with some indulgence at the credit which vulgar and uninformed minds give to such matters, when we reflect that the great geniuses of antiquity have given them implicit belief; we find, also, in the Old Testament, several relations of the apparition both of good and evil spirits, as exemplified in the history of the young Tobias.

Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, ambassador of James the First to the court of France, was induced to publish a work (the propriety of which he in some measure doubted), by harmonious music which he heard in the heavens. Not to mention the various histories of ghosts, with which the lives of Christian saints abound, and which are founded, no doubt, on as respectable authority as those of heathen writers, we cannot suppose them to have been invented by designing men, who, by a pious fraud, were willing to impose upon the credulity of mankind, but rather that they were themselves deceived by the delusions of their own imaginations, prepared to give credence to every fancy that presented itself, by the contemplative habits they acquired in their ascetic institutions, which propensity has been aptly described by Cowper in the following lines:—

'Contemplation,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth

She makes familiar with a heav'n unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.'

BELL—from the Latin word *pelvis*, a basin-spel.

Before the invention of bells, sounding brass and basins were used, to answer the purpose to which they were afterward appropriated. The etymology of this word, as given by Spelman, seems to be supported by these lines of Juvenal:—

'Tot pariter pelvis et tintinabula dicas
Pulsari.'

The Latin word *Campana* is derived from Campania, where Nola was situated, the bishopric of Paulinus, who, about the year 400, invented the larger bells used in church. Brand, in his observations on Browne's 'Antiquitates Vulgares,' says, that the ancient Romans used them to summon the people to their baths and the business of public places. We know, that the 'Comitia Calata' were summoned by a cornicen, who was also called *Classicus*; which term was applied to him—'quod classes comitus ad comitatum vocabat.' The Jews, according to Josephus, used trumpets instead of bells; perhaps it was by associating these two practices together, that Brand came to this conclusion. Bells were blessed with great ceremony in former times, and even often called after some distinguished individual; thus Pope John named the great bell of the Lateran Church after his own name:—'Campanam miro magnitudinis super Campanile elevari quam prius idem Pontifex sacris ritibus Deo consecravat atque Johannis nomine nuncupavit,' A. D. 968. The Scotch reformers, however, regarded them in a very different view, they paid them no more respect than they did organs, or, as they called them, 'boxes of whistles;' they assailed them with great violence, and, in many instances, the use of them was entirely relinquished.

In the vestry-book of the Chapel of All Saints, Newcastle, it is recorded, that the learned members of that body, after mature inquiry and grave consultation with the minister, decided that there was nothing superstitious in the tolling of a bell; it is true that the dilapidations of the church in consequence of the diminution of its revenue occasioned by the abolition of this practice might have influenced their decision. Much labour and learning have been wasted to discover the various purposes to which they were applied. All the uses to which they were appropriated are well explained in two Latin verses preserved by Spelman:—

'Laudo verum Deum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro.'

BONEFIRE—(derived from bone, of which it was made). The origin of these fires, according to Durandus, was, that fountains and wells being spermatized by lascivious serpents, which fled through the air about the time of the year that St. John's Day occurs, and which occasioned various diseases to those who drank these waters thus impregnated;—'adversus hæc,' says Belithus, in Vigil S. Joan, 'hujus modi inventum est remedium, ut rogos ex ossibus, construeretur et ita fumus hujus modi animalia fugaret.'

BRIDE-FAVOURS—are derived from a custom which prevailed among the northern nations, of giving their intended wives ribbons twisted into a particular form, which we call true lover's knots, which is not a compound of the word true and love; but is derived from the Danish verb *trulofa*, I pledge my faith; they were looked upon as a symbol of indissoluble fidelity and affection.

BRIDE CAKES—are of very great antiquity. Quintus Curtius, in the account he gives of the marriage of Alexander with Roxana, the daughter of Cohortanus, a satrap of Darius (or of Darius himself, according to Plutarch), says, that the king, in the height of his passion, ordered bread to be brought, according to the custom of his country; which was the most solemn way of celebrating marriages among the Macedonians, and of which, after it was cut asunder with a sword, each of the parties eat a piece; he adds that the originators of this custom intended to show, by the use of this plain food, and which may be so easily procured, that we should be content with a little. This was called, in more modern times, confarreation, and is thus alluded to in the Familiar Antiquities: 'the divine ceremony being performed, the bride is conducted to the house of the bridegroom, where bread (panis) is thrown to be scrambled for by the boys.' We must not omit here the origin of placing the marriage ring on what is called the ring finger. The ancient physicians imagined that there was a small artery, which communicated between this finger and the heart: the motion of which, in parturient women, may be perceived by the touch of the finger index; they called it also the medical finger, and, through a superstitious opinion of its medicinal power, mixed

up their medicines with it. These opinions are now exploded, but these properties, which former ages attributed to this finger, obtained for it the distinction of bearing the golden badge of matrimony.

The most disgraceful and revolting custom connected with marriages of former times was the *Mercheta Mulierum*, which is said to have been ordained by Eugenius, third King of Scotland. It gave a right to every lord or master, to lodge the first night with the wife of every tenant or bondman: it was abrogated by Malcolm the Third, who ordained that the bridegroom should be excused this compliance to the will of his lord, upon paying him a piece of money, called marca. Of all the grievances which feudal rights imposed upon vassals, this was the most degrading and iniquitous; its existence has been discredited by an eminent antiquarian, and, certainly, it would be well for the honour of humanity, if he could have demonstrated his opinion. We know, however, that wherever despotism introduced itself, vice and villainy followed in its train, and that even the sacred institutions of revealed religion have been corrupted and tarnished by that bane of happiness and virtue.

Southall, Aug. 14th, 1822. J. H.

THE SLAVERY OF GREECE.

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE GEORGE CANNING*.

'Unrivall'd Greece! thou ever-honour'd name,
Thou nurse of heroes dear to deathless fame!
Though now to worth, to honour all unknown,
Thy lustre faded, and thy glories flown;
Yet still shall Memory, with reverted eye,
Trace thy past worth, and view thee with a sigh.'

'Thee Freedom cherish'd once with fostering hand,
And breath'd undaunted valour through the land;

Here, the stern spirit of the Spartan soil,
The child of poverty, inur'd to toil.

'Here, loved by Pallas and the sacred Nine,
Once did fair Athens' tow'ring glories shine.
To bend the bow, or the bright faulchion wield,
To lift the bulwark of the brazen shield,
To toss the terror of the whizzing spear,
The conqu'ring standard's glittering glories rear,

And join the madding battle's loud career.
'How skill'd the Greeks; confess what Persians slain

Were strew'd on Marathon's ensanguin'd plain;
When heaps on heaps the routed squadron fell,
And with their gaudy myriads peopled hell.

* As rumour, how truly we know not, has fixed on Mr. Canning as the successor of the Marquis of Londonderry; and, as the affairs of the Greeks, which, by their recent successes, have attracted so much of the public interest, form one of the subjects on which our ministers will soon have to decide, we print the above poem to remind the right honourable gentleman how correctly he once felt and wrote on the subject.—ED.

What millions bold Leonidas withstood,
And seal'd the Grecian freedom with his blood;
Witness Thermopylæ! how fierce he trod!
How spoke a hero, and how mov'd a God!
The rush of nations could alone sustain,
While half the ravag'd globe was arm'd in vain.
Let Leuctra say, let Mantinea tell,
How great Epaminondas fought and fell!

'Nor war's vast art alone adorn'd thy fame,
"But mild philosophy endear'd thy name."

Who knows not, sees not with admiring eye,
How Plato thought, how Socrates could die?

'To bend the arch or bid the column rise,
And the tall pile aspiring to the skies;

The awful scene magnificently great,
With pictur'd pomp to grace, and sculptur'd state,

This science taught; on Greece each science shone:

Here the bold statue started from the stone;
Here, warm with life, the swelling canvas glow'd;
Here, big with life, the poet's raptures flow'd;
Here Homer's lip was touch'd with sacred fire,
And wanton Sappho tun'd her am'rous lyre;
Here bold Tyrtæus rous'd th' enervate throng
Awak'd to glory by th' inspiring song;
Here Pindar soar'd a nobler, loftier way,
And brave Alcæus scorn'd a tyrant's sway;
Here gorgeous Tragedy, with great control,
Touch'd every feeling of th' impassion'd soul;
While in soft measure tripping to the song,
Her comic sister lightly danc'd along—

'This was thy state! But oh! how chang'd thy fame,

And all thy glories fading into shame.

What? that thy bold, thy freedom-breathing land,

Should crouch beneath a tyrant's stern command;

That servitude should bind in galling chain,
Whom Asia's millions once oppos'd in vain;
Who could have thought? Who sees without a groan,

Thy cities mould'ring and thy walls o'erthrown?
That where once tower'd the stately solemn fane,
Now moss-grown ruins strew the ravag'd plain;
And unobserv'd but by the traveller's eye,
Proud vaulted domes in fretted fragments lie;
And thy fall'n column on the dusty ground,
Pale ivy throws its sluggish arms around.

'Thy sons, (sad change!) in abject bondage sigh;

Unpitied toil, and unlamented die;
Groan at the labours of the galling oar,
Or the dark caverns of the mine explore.
The glittering tyranny of Othman's sons,
The pomp of horror which surrounds their thrones,

Has aw'd their servile spirits into fear;
Spurn'd by the foot, they tremble and revere.

'The day of labour, night's sad sleepless hour,
Th' inflictive scourge of arbitrary pow'r,
The bloody terror of the pointed steel,
The murd'rous stake, the agonizing wheel,
And (dreadful choice!) the bow-string or the bowl,

Damps their faint vigour, and unmans the soul.

'Disastrous fate! still tears will fill the eye,
Still recollection prompt the mournful sigh,
When to thy mind recurs thy former fame,
And all the horrors of thy present shame.
So some tall rock, whose bare broad bosom high,
Tow'rs from th' earth, and braves th' inclement sky;

On whose vast top the blackening deluge pours,
At whose wide base the thund'ring ocean roars;
In conscious pride its huge gigantic form
Surveys imperious, and defies the storm.

Till, worn by age and mould'ring to decay,
Th' insidious waters wash its base away;
It falls, and falling cleaves the trembling ground,
And spreads a tempest of destruction round.'

Fine Arts.

WEST'S GALLERY.

Here may be seen
All that can fix, thrill, charm—the eye, heart,
soul.

Anon a silent tear will softly steal,
Adown the blanching cheek—or the whole
frame,

Wilt cower with creeping chilling horror—or
Shrink with mute veneration.—*Old Play.*

It rarely, if ever, happens, that such a brilliant assemblage of individual talent is offered to public inspection, as the present exhibition of the late Mr. West's Gallery. Among the one hundred and forty pictures here produced, it would be a very difficult task indeed to discover one that did not possess some beauty; for they are, for the most part, executed in a style that leaves mediocrity behind at a most considerable distance. Mr. West's aim has never been to surprise the spectator into a transitory burst of admiration, that will leave no further impression than that of the moment; his fame is built on a surer foundation: he has laboured diligently in his profession, and has attained the proper reward of his labour; he has gradually ascended to glory, like the rising sun; and not flashed forth like the meteor, that startles and is forgotten in the same instant. Even in the fearful painting of 'Death on the Pale Horse,' where the artist's avowed attention was to excite 'the terrible, sublime, and its various modifications,' the effect produced is certainly at first a 'chilling horror'; but we do not feel ourselves satisfied with a mere cursory glance, nor even with reading over the description of the picture and admiring the component parts: it is the whole that strikes us—yet the more we gaze the more we are linked as it were, and fascinated by the very impulse of terror that previously caused us to shudder. But of this hereafter.—The exhibition is divided into three portions: consisting of the Entrance Gallery, which contains a few small pictures; the Great Room, in which are the principal works of the artist; and the Inner Room, where in my humble opinion there is a richer collection than in either of the others. Before I commence upon the paintings I cannot refrain from expressing the greatest admiration at the structure of the Gallery, particularly that of the Great Room which is most excellently

adapted to shew the pictures in a good light without dazzling the spectator. No. 2. 'The Dead Ass, from Sterne,' is a pleasing performance. 'Angels delivering St. Peter,' [3] is a sketch for a large picture; it is finely conceived, No. 7. 'Angels at the tomb of Christ,' is beautiful. It seems to have been one of Mr. W.'s favourite studies to delineate the human face with more than ordinary sweetness; his angels are all absolutely *angelic*; we feel overpowered, not so much by their majesty as their loveliness, for it is not an earthly loveliness. No. 9. 'The Combat between Hector and Diomedes,' is very spirited. No. 17. 'Reapers,' with a view near Windsor; it seems extraordinary that the late painter had not turned his thoughts more to landscape; at least we must regret it,—we cannot wish his historical paintings to be less in number, though we do at the same time desire to have more memorials of his powers in landscape. The present picture, and Nos. 41, 29, 31, 80, and 81, are exquisite proofs of what he could *do*—what he might *have done*, we are left to imagine. 'Mothers, with their Children dabbling in the Brook,' (22) has not much business here; it is the least favourable specimen in the exhibition. The outline in 23, 'Hector and Andromache,' has rather too rough an effect. 'St. George and the Dragon,' (25) is a very good cabinet picture; indeed all of those introduced in the Entrance Gallery are better calculated for that purpose than for a larger collection. No. 26. 'the nativity of our Saviour,' has great merit; the angel is exquisite. Two sketches of the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah, on each side of the nativity, are very fine; the finished pictures of both are in the inner-room, (118 and 121). 32, 'Angel at the tomb of Christ,' this is a grand figure, it has been introduced with very trifling variations in 48, 'the Maries at the Sepulchre,' which is a fine painting. 'The Brazen Serpent,' (33) is praise-worthy; it is, however, greatly inferior to 34, 'Saul Prophesying'; this is superb; the attitudes of Saul and the surrounding prophets are highly beautiful. 37. 'Thetis bringing the Armour to Achilles,' I do not much admire; perhaps it comes too near 'King Richard pardoning his brother John,' No. 43, 'Christ Rejected.' This is indeed a masterly production. The composition, the grouping, and the colouring are scarcely surpassed in any performance of the old masters; there is nothing *new* at all equal to them. The

picture represents 'Jesus crowned with Thorns,' brought before the people by Pilate, who, by general acclamation, condemn him to the cross. The incidents introduced are various, and mostly well suited to the occasion. On the right of the painting, the figure of the Centurion is remarkably striking; there is a depth of *mind* on this man's face, which, added to the nobleness of his mien, makes him a very interesting character. Further to the left stands the Christ, in an attitude of composure and tranquillity; his face is beautifully expressive of dignified yet humble resignation; it is *the man* who suffers, but *the God* who feels; there is no resentment, no disdain visible on his countenance; but pardon and mercy and pity are beaming forth in every feature. This figure is simple and unostentatious; but it is grandly simple; the folds of the drapery are graceful and easy; but Mr. West ought to have paid more attention to the minutiae of dress, than to have suffered the sandals to be unfastened by any ligament; this is a defect; slight, 'tis true; but, nevertheless, a defect. Pilate, I do not say much about it: the High Priest is a powerful contrast to the Saviour; meekness of the one and the furious rage of the other are a fine antithesis; the bitter vengeful feelings of a determined enemy are strongly exhibited in the Priest's attitude and countenance. The faces and gestures of the multitude behind are very expressive of the different passions by which they are actuated. The executioner, with the two youths in the foreground, is not so happy; they are too quiet in the midst of the bustle, without any cause for being so; the attention of the boys would naturally have been more directed to the sufferer of the judgment than to the brutal executioner of it. The Magdalene is very deficient in grace; her form gives one the idea of a sprawling tumble rather than a fall of adoring veneration. Near to her stand the third Mary, and of *Jesus' Mother*, the latter supported by St. John; their grief is acutely touching, but that of the Virgin Mother is most so; her sorrow is not the sorrow of words, it is the silent submission to her God, accompanied with the mingled tears of gratitude and maternal love; she is the lily that bows, but breaks not with the storm. The whole of the background is magnificently executed; and, in the Gallery, the introduction of Herod and Pilate's wife is very judicious.

T. J. A.

Original Poetry.

FONTHILL,—A SONNET.

UPRAISED as by a wizard's powerful spell,
Or like the fitful scenery of a dream,
Far on the eye the towers of Fonthill gleam,
While memory wakes the ancient minstrel's shell.

Borne on the breeze now choral anthems swell,
Now fancy scenes of long past years will frame,
Scenes swept away by Time's devouring stream,
Which crush'd the monkish fane and hermit's cell.

Yes, they have vanish'd; but this gothic pile,
With magic power, the mental eye inspires
To trace long trains, amid the vaulted aisle,
Of holy monks and red-cross knights and friars;
To raise the spirit of those days of yore
When steel-clad warriors strove on Judah's shore.

M. J.

A GLIMPSE AT THE STATUE;

Or, a short Dialogue between a Life-Guard and a Lady.

Life Guard That proud sulky savage, Achilles, is here,

(The soul of the Greeks in their glory,) But I think it looks queer that he should appear
In the Park, to tell Wellington's story;
For naught can I see in Ma'am *Thetis's* son
Like the hero that sprung from the Shannon.

Lady. Why the ladies, in fun, meant his mother to pun,

So they cast him from *Waterloo* cannon!
If old *Nestor* we raise you would grumble the same,
Or *Ajax*, or wise-wig *Ulysses*.

Life Gd. Why you can't find a name in the records of Fame

More unlike to our leader than this is;
For when'er he was call'd to the field, I aver,
He would fight like a true *Waterloo* man,—
Now this was a cur that kings couldn't stir.

Lady. But he'd fight or not fight for a woman!
Behold him near *Troy* (if the story be true)
As boldly to battle he bustles,—

Life Gd. And at fam'd *Waterloo* see what *Arthur* could do,
When he danc'd from the ball-room at *Brussels*!

The *myrmidon* chief could from victory go,
The carcass of *Hector* to harass;
But lady, you know, that *Arthur and Co.*
Hunted their *Hector* to *Paris*!

Lady. You run down the ancients, but where can you find

A modern to put in his place?
For the hero's design'd, both before and behind,
And there's majesty mark'd on the base!

Life Gd. 'Tis like the king's coin, and no doubt it will pass,
For with metal enough you've enrich'd him;
But tell each British lass, as they'd plenty of brass,
'Twould have been quite as well had they breech'd him!

JESSE HAMMOND.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU TO THE FAMILY FORT.

A Companion to the Sea-boy's Farewell to the Family Fleet.

Wait, transports, till I shall report
My final pass-word to the fort,
That fronts the neighbouring field;

Then while a signal-gun I fire,
And from the well arm'd fort retire,
May each their token yield.

Adieu to father reigning chief,
And may no shell of care or grief
Burst on his hoary head;
May no disorders spring a mine
To make him march to his decline
Or bivouac with the dead.

Adieu to mother, engineer,
May she ne'er fall into the rear,
But lead the pioneers;
And while the works she oversees,
May she ne'er let them stand at ease
Till labour disappears.

Adieu to sister, may she grace
The station and defend the place,
Till one in arms renown'd
Shall, by an honourable siege,
Carry the out-posts, and oblige
The chief a truce to sound.

Adieu to George, and all the band
That round their young drum-major stand
And wait his signal giv'n
To beat to arms at high parade
For use of musket, pike, or blade;
Nor be from duty driv'n.

Farewell to all, and may the fort
Remain the fortified resort
Of gen'ral's peace and love,
And may the garrison ne'er yield
To any who may take the field,
Till summon'd from above.

E. G. B.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER OF TAUBENHAIN.

Translated from the German of Bürger.

In the minister's garden of Taubenhain,
Something wanders by night 'neath the yews;
It whispers so sad, and heavily groans,
And rattles and flutters and pours forth its moans,
Like the dove, when the hawk it pursues.

Near the pond where the frogs incessantly croak,
A faint glimm'ring ember burns still.
And there is a place where the grass never grows,
Where the dew of the evening no moisture bestows,
And the air feels so heavy and chill.

The minister's daughter of Taubenhain
Was innocent, pure as the dove,
And, too, she was young, was pleasing to view,
And many a suitor there came her to woo,
And ask Rosamund for his love.

On the lake's further side, on the high rising ground,
A princely domain meets the eye,
O'erlooks all the scenes of the valley below;
The roofs shine like steel, and the walls like the snow,
And the windows like stars of the sky.

There rioted young Count Falkenstein,
Environ'd by joy's giddy scene;
The castle beam'd bright on the fair maiden's eyes,
And too on the count's, while on horseback he flies,
In a hunter's attire of gay green.

He wrote her a letter on paper of silk,
Nicely gilded, and rich to behold.
He sent her his portrait, so smiling and kind,—
In a heart of pure pearl the gift was enshrined,
With a ring, too, of diamond and gold.

'Let them, love, come as oft as they will,
And woo themselves all to despair.
'Tis thine, Rosamund, something better to prove;
Thy merit deserves the noblest knight's love,
With him all his riches to share.

'Something pleasing I have, dearest maiden,
to say,
That in private I fain would disclose;
And anxious expect a kind answer from thee;
At twelve this night, then, not distant I'll be,
O come there and soften my woes.

'At twelve o'clock hark to the call of the quail,
In the corn field the garden behind.
And the nightingale moaning aloud for his mate,
In sad notes bewailing his lorn hapless state,
Then let me my Rosamund find.'

He came there disguised in a mantle and cap,
At the dark dismal hour of the dead.
With arms to defend him, he soft, softly flew,
As silent and softly as eve's falling dew,
And stopp'd the dog's mouth with some bread.

He feign'd with his voice the loud call of the quail,
In the cornfield, the garden behind,
And the nightingale's strain, when he call'd
for his mate,
In sad notes bewailing his lorn hapless state,
And the maiden, ah!—soon did he find.

He knew how to flatter, so pleasing, so sweet,
And to gain her soft heart and her ear;
Ah! love is so credulous, so willing to trust!
No fair words he spar'd to appease his base lust,
And to lull asleep virtue and fear.

He promised, by every thing sacred and good,
To make her his wife, as his love,
And as he still urged, and she still withdrew,
He swore o'er and o'er, calling Heaven to view,
'From this ne'er a sorrow you'll prove.'

He drew to the bower, so lonely, so quiet,
Environ'd by flowers' fragrant breath;
Her heart beat so quick—her breast glow'd with fire;
And there was, by rage of a base low desire,
Her innocence poison'd to death.

And when of surrounding sweet bed of beans
The ruddy bloom hapless decays,
Then poor Rosamund every sorrow did know;
And pale were her cheeks, and white as the snow,
And dull were her eyes' former rays.

And when the bean-cod expanded and grew,
And filled with the fruit more and more;
When strawberries, cherries were ready to pull,
Then the sad maiden's breast was so heavy and full,
And too small the silk dress which she wore.

And when all the reapers repair to the field,
It began to extend and to feel;
And when Autumn winds blow over the plain,
And over the stubble cut down by the swain,
She could it no longer conceal.

Her father, a passionate hard-hearted man,
Harsh and cruel, Rosamunda did blame:
'Since virtue and honour with your base lust
are flown,
So fly from my eyes, from this house quick be gone,
And rescue your forfeited name.'

He twin'd round his hands her hair's flowing locks;
He beat her with hard-knotted wood;
He beat till the echo resounded her cries,
And on her white skin was seen the blue dyes,
And the earth was bedew'd with her blood.
He turn'd her away in the shades of the night,
'Midst the high blowing wind and the rain;

She climb'd yonder steep and high craggy rock,
And at Falkenstein's gates she loudly did knock,
Her lover to tell her sad strain.

'Alas! that the name of a mother you gave
Before to the altar you led;
Look here! look here! rejected, forlorn,
I carry the marks of contempt and of scorn
On my body with blows blue and red.'

She threw herself sobbing into his false arms;
She begg'd—she intreated in vain:
'O restore what you took, the peace of my breast!
And since you're the cause of my state so dis-
tress'd,

O, so bring me to honour again!
'My poor fool,' replied he, 'I'm sorry for that,
On your sire we'll such treatment revenge;
Be happy, content, and reside here with me;
All your wishes, your wants shall satisfied be,
And the rest we'll at leisure arrange.'

'Ah! here is no time for content, for delay,
That cannot my honour restore;
If ever to make me your wife you did swear,
So let us with priests to the altar repair,
And then shall my sorrows be o'er.'

'O credulous fool! so was it not meant!
How can for my wife I you take?
Sprung from a race, ancient, noble, and great;
An equal to mine must be my wife's state,
Or the name of my family's at stake.

'In the way I intended my pledg'd word I'll keep,
You still shall remain my true love;
And if you can fancy my brave servant man,
I'll give you of money as much as I can,
So can we enjoyment still prove.'

'That God you—you monstrous unfeeling
wretch!

That God you afflict with his ire!
If, as your wife, I dishonour your blood,
Why, base deceiver, why was I once good
For the flame of your lust's low desire?

'So go then, and seek 'midst the nobles a wife;
Retribution will come on apace;

The Almighty he sees us, and judges aright,
And may then your lowest, your most abject
wight,

The bed of your marriage disgrace.

'Then prove, human monster, the heart rending
pangs,

To doubt upon honour and fate;
Your forehead then dash 'gainst the hard flinty
wall,

And desperate pierce your false heart with a ball!
Then sink down to hell—your fix'd state!

She rous'd her sunk spirits; she hasten'd away,
With a wounded heart fill'd with despair;
With feet gor'd with blood, through thistle and
thorn,

O'er moors and thro' reeds, with her senses for-
lorn,

And vent forth her sighs to the air.

'O whither! O whither! O merciful God!

O whither my steps shall I bend?
She ran wild, despairing on Providence ways,
And came to the spot of her infantine days,
Her sorrowful life there to end.

She stagger'd, she reel'd, fill'd with anxious
thoughts,

She crept to the sad 'ventful bower;
Sunk down overpower'd with her sorrow and
woe,

On a bare naked couch bedeck'd with the snow,
Made of copse and of evergreen flower.

She brought forth a boy, who cried and who
wept,

With many a madd'ning smart;

And when on her lap lay the cherub so fair,
She drew forth the pin from her wild flowing hair,
And pierc'd the sweet babe to the heart.

When first, ah! was past this black bloody deed,
Was her frenzy, delirium fled,
With horror benumb'd, she gaz'd on her son;
'O Jesus, my Saviour! O what have I done?'
And wrung her hands wild o'er the dead.

She dug with her nails, all cover'd with blood,
On the pond's reedy margin a tomb:

'There sleep thou, my child, there sleep thou in
peace,

Where troubles and sorrows do evermore cease:
Me the fowls from the stake shall consume.'

That is the ember, near the frogs' croaking pond,
That faintish and glimm'ring burns still;
And that is the place where the grass nevergrows,
Where the dew of the evening no moisture be-
stows,

And the air feels so heavy and chill.

High o'er the scaffold, expanded in air,
Near the spot where her name was no more,
A skull wildly stares, with a dark hollow gloom;
'Tis her's,—and it looks ghastly down on the
tomb,

A span scarce in length on the shore.

And nightly, when tolls the hoarse midnight bell,
Near the gibbet a wand'rer's descried,
Of pale milk-white visage, mark'd deeply with
pain,

And tries to extinguish the ember in vain,
And wails on the pond's dreary side. P**.

The Drama,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The theatricals of the week present little novelty. At the Haymarket, Miss Paton has added considerably to her reputation by performing the character of Rosina, in *The Barber of Seville*.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—*Gil Blas* having undergone those judicious curtailments, which were promised after the first night's performance, has become quite a favourite with the public; and, with *Gordon the Gypsy*, is repeated every evening. Indeed, there is so much smartness in every thing that Mr. Peake writes, that we should have been surprised to see him fail with so good a subject as *Gil Blas*. It is worthy of remark, however, that though numerous dramatic pieces have been founded on parts of this inimitable novel, yet not one of them has been successful until the present version of it, with the exception of the *Castle of Andalusia*, enriched with the music of Shield. Certainly, no dramatic writer ever undertook a more arduous task than that of writing such a piece as Mr. Peake's *Gil Blas*, and few persons would have executed it so well. We are happy to find that the house is crowded every night.

DRURY LANE.—The whole of the interior of this theatre has been pulled down, even to the bare walls, for the

purpose of contracting the area assigned to the audience. The boxes, in future, are to hold only nine persons instead of thirteen, and there are to be family boxes, but not private ones. It is hardly possible to form a probable judgment of the result of the intended alterations, but it may fairly be said that the public will derive much advantage from them in the essential convenience of seeing and hearing.

Literature and Science.

Great Dispatch.—The new novel, the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' upwards of five hundred pages duodecimo, was put to press in New York on Thursday morning, completed the next day, and ready for sale on Saturday morning at eight o'clock, by the different booksellers.—*New York Post*, July 18.

The Prussian naturalists, Dr. Ehrenberg and Dr. Hemprich, on their travels in the north of Africa, arrived, on the 15th of February, at the celebrated city of Dongola, the capital of Nubia. Previously, in the years 1820 and 1821, they had sent ten chests and four casks, with subjects of natural history, to the Royal Museum at Berlin.

French Voyage of Discovery.—The *Coquille* corvette, commanded by M. Duperrey, Lieutenant de Vaisseau, the fitting out of which has occupied some months at Toulon, sailed from that port on the 11th of the present month. She is about to undertake a voyage, from which results interesting to the progress of geography and physical science may be expected. The *Coquille* will first sail for the Cape of Good Hope. She will afterwards proceed to the Great Archipelago of Asia, several parts of which she will explore. She will also visit the points of the western coast of New Holland, which were observed towards the end of the last century and the commencement of the present, by Rear-Admiral Eutrecasteaux and Captain Baudin; and, after putting into some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, discovered by Cook and Bougainville, she will return to France by doubling Cape Horn. M. Duperrey is to avail himself of all the favourable circumstances which this long voyage may present, to make different observations relative to the configuration of the globe, the inclination of the needle, &c. Several members of the Academy of Sciences and the Office of Longitude have manifested their zeal in communicating to him instructions for that purpose. No means which

could prepare the success of this expedition have been neglected. The corvette has been fitted out with particular care. The crew consists of picked seamen. Letters of recommendation are furnished to the commanders of such foreign establishments as the *Coquille* may visit. Finally, the zeal of all the superior officers affords reason to hope that the mission intrusted to them will be executed in the most satisfactory manner.

The Bee.

Mr. Kean.—We are very happy to find the following tribute to Mr. Kean's generosity in an American paper:—

'Mr. Kean, marked as he is, by all the petulance which is too often the accompaniment of acknowledged genius, and, no doubt, with points in his real as well as mimic life, which detract from his greatness, has still redeeming traits of benevolence and liberality, as he has of genius and talent, which account for the general popularity he possesses in England. He has recently given the whole profits of his benefit at *Drury Lane Theatre*, to the relief of the sufferers in Ireland. Let cold-blooded calculation take down the interest table, to estimate the future advantages he may eventually reap from this good deed, the "recording angel," we apprehend, will make a fair entry on the credit-side of his account.'

On the Prison Treading-Mill invented by MR. CUBITT, of Ipswich.

The cores in prison grinding corn for bread,
Denounce thee, Cubitt, every step they tread;
And though the ancients used thee, sure, 'tis hard

The moderns cannot use the prison-yard:
By law, they work and walk and toil in spite,
Yet ne'er exceed two feet from morn till night.

An old Cadger.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

Critical Remarks on the 'Ancestress,' translated from the German, and 'A Fig for Billeter Lane,' in our next.

The new Poem sent us by Cantab is of too local a nature to be of general interest.

Bath Sets and Tyro in an early number.

'The Guardian to his Ward' is very prettily written, and may be very fine; indeed, it is too much so for our comprehension. We can neither make prose nor poetry of it.

We pity poor Penelope; the web of the wife of Ulysses was an easy task compared with that of proving the Ladies' Statue to be a very chaste figure.

Our Correspondent at Newberry is informed that back numbers of *The Literary Chronicle* may be had of our publisher, either direct or through any of the country booksellers or newsmen; he should not, however, have put us to ninepence expense to give him this information.

Irish rebellion and Irish distress are subjects quite foreign to our purpose.

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Late of Christchurch, Oxford.

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Nor set down aught in malice.'—SHAKESPEARE.

By T. P. FITZGERALD, Esq.

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